Volume 2, Number 2
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Bad Attitude

a lesbian sex magazine

Consensus Politics
Hot, Heavy Fashions
Spring Sports
Ironwoman Strikes

BAD ATTITUDE IS . . .

. . . in its second year as a more or less quarterly publication about lesbian sex. We would like to thank all the people who wrote stories and articles, helped us do layout and distribution, contributed money and subscribed to the magazine.

Bad Attitude encourages submissions from all lesbians, about all varieties of sexual experiences. They can be stories, fantasies, true life adventures, essays, poems, news flashes, advice, interviews, how-tos, letters to the editor, photographs, drawings, cartoons . . . Please do not send your only copy of an article. It's easiest for us to deal with manuscripts that are typed and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photographers must obtain a signed release form from anyone they photograph.

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We call our magazine **Bad Attitude** because that's what women who take control of our own sexuality are told that we have.

—Amy Hoffman and Cindy Patton, April, 1986

Cover Photo by Lavendar Ties

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letters

Editors:

Three cheers and lots of applause to the *Bad Attitude* publishers/editors/writers! Just received & quickly, anxiously, happily, devoured/absorbed the Vol. 2, *ff*1, Fall '85 issue. I read every inch of print-material-offerings & literally "got-off" on combining the vividly written erotica in "Cab Fare" & "A Visit to the Doctor"(!!)

My first mastubatory fantasies as a child were images from my annual physical exams to the pediatrician; *male* doctors — but, hey, I was only a kid & that's all I had to "work" with then. (I presently have a woman doctor. Strictly *business*.)

Much later in life during a few hospital stays, I covertly & quietly masturbated to fantasy-images of the nurses I met . . . while I was still there in the hospital room tucked in & lounging in the bed for a day or two.

Wonder how many male/female medical practitioners wonder/think about any & all patients they meet/treat, who masturbate about them! And, we all happily recall our childhood joys of "playing-doctor." . . . Of course, when many of us became adult-female-women, we had to endure & contend with "lecherous" male doctors, a time or two. . . .

Many of us old-timers in my community remember or came to know one such doctor. He never came on strong or overt, but he'd sneak an extra "feel" beyond any necessary examining. Lots of women simply quit going to him or heard about him through word of mouth. However, his politics were progressive & we voted for him when he ran for local office once or twice. (He lost).

Thanks for the remarkable article-feature by Donna Turley: "Uncivil War: Pornography and Anti-Pornography." Excellent! Right-on! Echoes my thoughts & feelings exactly! I've xeroxed it to give to straight/gay women, including two of our city councilwomen!

I want to close with communicating a confession. . . . Not until I was about 27, did I remember with significance & amazement, my very first masturbatory-fantasy at age 4! I knew I "did it" at such an early age & made a "career hobby" of it from then on with fantasies about both sexes — but, deep in a hidden corner of my memory: I had watched an episode of "Spanky & Our Gang" on t.v. Part of the little film-story was of one of the kids getting a hard spanking & then his, (presumably) mother quickly took off his clothes & tossed him into some old-fashioned, (1930s), tub, where he instantly was joyously taking a bubble bath & singing to himself. Well, this image crept into & stayed in my little subconscious for what seemed a long time. I don't know how long I used a variation of the "theme," but I'd lie quietly as I could, with my face in my pillow, while I masturbated lying on my tummy, imagine the woman from the film on t.v., angrily spanking me and when I imagined her placing me in a bathtub full of warm water, I'd fantasize her bathing my genitals, and I'd orgasm during the image of her stroking my vagina with a wash cloth. Pretty heady for a 4-year-old, eh? (I strongly suggest *Bad Attitude* have a masturbation-forum & invite readers to send in their "kid" and "adult" fantasies! Hope that's a fun-good idea for a future-issue).

Best Wishes,
Clitora Cummings
Santa Cruz, California

opinions

by Leland Pierce

Months after the Harvard/MIT conference, I'm still wondering, still thinking did I do the right thing? Sometimes I wish I'd grown up in my mother's or grandmother's time. I'd simply be thought of as a second class citizen and would be treated accordingly. The anger I feel at a misogynistic society would have a clear focus and place. "The Man" would be the identifiable enemy and racism his most used tool. But, alas, my world is no longer that simple. Yes, "the man" is still in control, but he has support from unimagined quarters and a language of oppression that is far from simple.

As children, much of our time is spent learning how to be autonomous. Later, we search for a community that will be supportive of us as individuals. As women we have turned to marriage, partnership and independence. We bring ourselves, our ideas and beliefs to our coffee circles, support groups and board meetings. Much of what we are is based on how society has treated us. The strokes and the beatings we have received are all incorporated into our world view. Some of us are lucky; we learn to take the language of the master and use it to our own purpose. but the question is, when we use the words cunt, nigger, whore, and pornography are we truly changing their meaning or simply parroting from inside our cages?

As I walked into that auditorium at M.I.T. I was ready for guerilla warfare. The dichotomy was clear cut: anti-porn vs. pro-porn, victim vs. oppressor, good guys vs. bad guys. Talking about the pseudonym I took for the conference, one well meaning FACT supporter said, from the safety of her seat, "What's all this pseudonym shit?" It was at that moment that I realized that the lines I'd so neatly drawn dividing the safe from the unsafe were useless. For a minute I'd thought having the courage to speak up as an ex-prostitute and sex industry worker against the ordinance was enough. I got up and spoke my piece, all the while looking into the faces of ex-employers and college professors who would have never thought of themselves as pimps of pornographers. Yet when I attended or worked at their institutions I worked "in the life" simply because they don't often pay black girls to go to schools, and they have never paid us enough to take care of their children. So I smiled and fought for the american dream in the day time and sweated and whispered for the american reality at night.

At the end of the day I was still scared. Being the well meaning token is hard work. If I'd thought for one minute that the ordinance would help one person, one person to get the justice that they deserve, I would have been beside Ms. Mackinnon spouting emotional propaganda. But I have never met a law that worked in my favor. When I was in college I saw the look, that questioning look, that said "what law let you in?" The strange thing is that I saw similar looks in the auditorium on October 5th.

It is silly of us to think that any issue concerning sex and its politics would be simple. We are all products of a repressive society that teaches us at a very early age that any enjoyable pleasure is a sin. As lesbians we seek to create a sense of family outside their boundaries, a clearer sense of ourselves. But our visions are clouded by the images that we have viewed all our lives. Everytime I wear a scarf wrapped around my head I wonder if I'm initiating the mammy. Everytime I speak to a group of white feminists I wonder if I'm collaborating with the enemy. If I question a law that is supposed to serve my interest am I a traitor? Are we the bad girls? It reminds me of a Talking Heads lyric "when your hands get dirty no one knows you at all/ Don't have a window to crawl out of/ lights out nobody home."

In a way both sides of the porn issue are failing to recognize their constituency, except for expediency sake. Both the lawyers and the sexual intellectuals are guilty of tokenism.

Come on, who the hell are we trying to fool? Is Dworkin going to feed those hungers left behind when the cops decide to clean up those red zones? Is some educated white feminist going to "break it down" to me in a language that all of us can understand? Someone tell me who the fuck are these girls trying to kid?

At the end of that day in October I'd been thanked by total strangers and ignored by my dearest feminist buddies. Half a year later I'm still wondering if I did the "right" thing.

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Photo by Lavendar Ties

Consensus Politics

By J.P. Lakey

It was a glorious October day. The air was crisp and the sun warmed my face as I walked down the street. I was leafletting in Cambridge, putting fliers under house doors in the hopes that people would read them before putting them in the trash. I put my leaflet under the doormat of the next house and had started down the steps when I heard a low, husky voice behind me.

"Can I help you?"

Startled, I turned quickly. A tall, slim, attractive woman in her late 30s had come to the door and was looking at me through the screen. "No," I smiled, "I'm just passing out fliers."

"What about?" she said.

"Well, it concerns Proposition #3, a referendum question you'll be asked to vote on next week." I explained briefly what the ordinance was about and told her that many of us felt that it would deny women the right to define their own sexuality.

She looked at me for a moment, then asked me to come in. "This is a complicated issue," she said. " I would like to hear more about why you and your organization oppose this ordinance."

I hesitated. I hadn't finished doing the houses on the street, and I wanted to eat afterward and enjoy what was left of the day. Still, the point was to educate people about the ordinance. "OK," I said.

She opened the screen door and stepped inside to let me enter. As I walked by her into the hallway, I noted the swell of her full breasts under the loose turtleneck she was wearing. Short auburn hair fell in waves around a face that was lean and high cheekboned; it was an elegant, patrician face softened by a wide mouth and full bottom lip. I looked quickly at her hands; they were well-formed and strong. No ring on her finger. My breath quickened. I began to see other possibilities for the afternoon. She pointed me to the sofa in the living room.

"I'm going to get some coffee from the kitchen. Would you like some? It's already prepared."

I said yes. As she left, I settled into the sofa cushions and looked around. It was a spacious, sunlit room with little furniture and many plants. A worn Oriental carpet covered part of the wooden floor. Vivaldi's Four Seasons came softly from the cassette player on the mantle of the fireplace. It was a peaceful room. I liked it.

"My name is Jennifer," she said as she carried two coffee mugs into the room. Handing a mug to me, she sat down in the armchair next to the sofa.

"My friends call me Lakey," I responded. As I spoke to her about the ordinance and its ramifications, I became enthralled. She was intelligent, articulate, and her clear gray eyes watched me as we spoke. I told her my concerns, the conversation turning candid. "Women should define their own sexuality and sexual imagery, regardless of their sexual preference," I said, "and I resent being told that pictures of women's breasts or vaginas or images of women being penetrated by penises or dildos are pornographic. They aren't to me—they are sexual erotica and I find the images arousing."

"What kinds of sex magazines are you referring to?" she asked.

Here it was—the moment of truth. "I'm referring to things like *Bad Attitude*, a lesbian sex magazine."

"Interesting," she murmured, "I like that magazine also. As we smiled at each other in the stillness, my heart started to race.

She rose from the armchair and came over to me. "What are your plans for the rest of the afternoon?" she whispered, and leaned over to kiss me.

"They would be censored if I told you," I laughed, returning her kiss.

"So let me show you instead." I drew her down to me, my fingertips lightly tracing the contour of her body as she covered me. Our discussion on pornography continued into the evening. When I left her the next morning, we had reached consensus.

Two-Part Invention

by Shelley

Setting

Big, comfy couch, 11:00 P.M. on a midsummer Saturday; sultry. Laurel and Audrey are sprawled out, stoned, giggling at TV silliness, munching out on guacamole and chips. It's been a relaxed, intimate day, and the women are feeling at ease with each other. Their mouths are going practically nonstop, talking and laughing and kissing and eating, loosened by the reefer and the night's warmth.

Laurel

The sparks are flying between us tonight; hard to believe, really, that after all this time she still turns me on so. I can feel her eyes on me as I move around the room, and I think I can guess what's on her mind.

Our guacamole feast is temporarily suspended as we run out of chips. I get up to look for more, but Audrey stops me.

"Here's some for you baby," she grins, holding out a blob of guac to me on the tip of her right middle finger. I grin back and lean towards her, opening my mouth just wide enough to quickly nibble it up.

"That was good," I murmur. "Now you try some." I smear a fingerful, cool then warming, on my wrist, and watch her pointed tongue uncover the tendons and veins and smooth, sensitive flesh.

"Your turn," says Audrey delightedly, and sticks two fingers deep into the creamy avocadoes.

As my lips meet her fingertips I open my mouth to run over them, around them, sucking them in almost to the knuckles. The scent of the guacamole fills my head, her fingers fill my mouth, and I can't think beyond that moment. She can, though, and keeping her fingers in my mouth she guides my head to her belly, where yet another green signpost shows me the way to her pleasure. Unzipping her shorts, I run my tongue back and forth over the path from her navel to the curly hairs peeking out from the top of her underwear.

Two swift moments and her shorts have been flung across the room. I get up while she is undressing to turn off the TV, and catch my breath as I look back at the couch, at the sight of her brown body in the candlelight.

"Still hungry, baby?" she teases, and I nod, swallowing hard against the rush of saliva to my mouth.

I kneel in front of the couch and watch, fascinated, as she anoints her already-gleaming cunt with the savory avocado. As it blends with her body heat and juices it melts into a sensuous, slippery sauce, and I want it, oh god, so bad. She continues to rub her hardening clit as I move my tongue to her swollen labia, licking and sucking to get every morsel. She puts her hand in my hair and lies back, and I work my way, nibbling lightly, up to her clit. The temptation to dig my face right into her aromatic wetness is almost irresistible, but I hold back, the tip of my tongue barely on her as I move from one feverish surface to the next.

Audrey moans, "Oh, that's it, just play with it babe" as I lap at her hardness, taking the tip of it between my lips, circling it to show her how swollen it's gotten.

Her legs and belly tense, their defined muscularity rippling with shudders. She builds towards orgasm with every breath, and she raises her hips to push even further into my mouth. As I suck in her heat, tongue and lips straining to stay right where she needs them, I feel my own climax upon me. Her warm come spurts into my mouth and over my face, and she moans and grabs my hair.

I pause for a breath and move my mouth back onto her, ever so lightly; incredibly, in a moment she is hard again. She pulls me up to lie beside her, touching my fingers in welcome as I begin to stroke her slippery cunt. My finger outlines her outer lips, inner lips; teases the entrance to her vagine, the shaft of her clitoris. Our kisses slide over swollen mouths, slick with sweat and come.

As soft as I try to make my strokes, I can't help but increase the pressure and speed as I feel her excitement build.

"Let me make you come," I whisper; in answer, she moves my hand right on top of her erect clit, and groans as I give her just the pace she wants.

It is all I can do to keep my finger in place as she bucks and writhes, so I stop thinking and just move with her rhythm, my hips jerking against her thigh. She holds her breath and pushes her clit into my hand, and I feel it pulse as her orgasms run through her. Three, four separate climaxes burst before she finally moans and relaxes back onto the couch. I touch her yet again and sense that she has more to give me, but she takes me in her arms and rolls me onto my back instead.

Audrey

I pull her t-shirt off over her head, and, taking a handful of guacamole, start to run my hands over her breasts. I can tell that making love to me has gotten Laurel ready, because after only a few strokes her breasts are full and taut, nipples begging for my mouth. I tease her by licking her avocado-shiny flesh, circling her tits, pausing to nibble here, mark there, working slowly up her soft slopes. She's begging me to suck them, and I lower my head to take both nipples into my mouth at once. She's gasping, and I know when I touch her pussy I'll find it dripping wet. She rolls her hips to touch mine; I tantalize her for a moment, making her strain to reach me, then hear her curse in my ear as I lower my cunt onto hers, pushing hard into her heat. She's ready to come right now, but I take my time, just rubbing my hips slowly between her legs. My clit hardens, and I move faster, sliding my finger down for us both to rub against. Her body jerks as her clit pulses, and she groans "Oh yes" in my ear. I hold back, wanting to come but saving it for when I'm inside her.

I feel her cunt swell again, her inner lips like an open mouth guiding my finger into her vagina. Inside she's like melted silk, tight around my finger, yet yielding as I push two more fingers in. I want to screw her so bad, and as I start to move deep inside her I feel her expand and contract around my hand, letting me know how much she wants it too.

"Oh lover," she groans, and I take the power of being her lover, giving her what she wants and making her want what I give her.

I shift positions, now rubbing her clit with the heel of my hand, just the tips of my fingers sliding in and out, now fucking her, pushing inside, spreading her legs wide. Laurel is rolling and heaving under me, thrusting up to meet my strokes, and I grab a nipple in my teeth to anchor me more firmly on top.

The more deeply she lets me in, the closer I know she is to coming, and as I feel her start to engulf me I make my strokes even more firm and strong. My hips and hand are moving as one, and as her orgasm explodes around me I can't hold back any longer, and I feel like I'm pumping into her as I let it all go. My hand is soaked with her fragrant juices, her belly and legs are slick with mine; our hearts are thumping in counterpoint as I lay down full length against her.

"Oh baby, sweet Laurel," I begin, and she stops my mouth with a kiss before I try again to tell her what I've never yet been able to say.

On the Waterfront

by Lavendar Ties

It was still early, the sky a dark, before dawn, deep green color. The city lay quiet and asleep. I heard the occasional sounds of the cars of early commuters whirring past in the dark. The only other sound was that of my oars dipping into the water and of the squeaky seat sliding back and forth in the boat. A light mist of rain was falling on my head, hands, and thighs as I rowed on through the darkness.

My heart was racing within five minutes onto the water. I pulled with my arms during each stroke, using my strong legs to get the maximum power. My body felt good. Waking up that early was always hard, but once I was in the boat for a few minutes and feeling my muscles work, I knew it would be worth it. I savored this time of solitude, a brief moment to myself before the real work began.

I knew she'd find me soon. This was the bend in the river she always emerged from. A small light with a slowly grinding motor would approach me and discover me in the darkness.

"Morning," she yelled off the bow of her boat. Her voice always startled me in the stillness, making me jump in my seat. "We're going to do about fifteen minutes for starters to warmup." This first bit was always the easiest. I was fresh and it was dark enough so she couldn't see every little flaw in my stroke.

As I rowed I began to fall into a comfortable rhythm, a pace I knew I'd have to keep for the next hour and a half. "That's it, nice and easy. Concentrate on your own boat now." Despite the cloud cover, it was getting lighter and I could feel her eyes scanning my body as the motor whirred close behind. Each morning she'd watch my movements meticulously and slowly. She never missed noticing if I began to slack off a bit or get too comfortable as I was doing now.

"OK, push it!" she yelled out. I braced myself for the challenge as a mixture of fear and excitement ran through me. "Fifteen minutes of full pressure all the way to the bridge."

"But I'm barely warmed up," I whined to myself, as I started to really pull with my strong back. I knew I'd have this brief respite of good feelings before my muscles would start to ache.

It was a difficult sport. Difficult to push myself in and difficult to make the boat work. In order just to balance the boat I needed to keep my hands on the oars at all times or the boat would flip. This meant that I couldn't use my hands to wave or gesture, or speak. It was a strange sensation having to keep my hands in the same position, glued to the oars, for almost two hours. Whenever she stopped and spoke to me, we were distanced by the two boats and the water, and she was always towering over me while I sat in my small shell on the river. She always did the talking, and I had become used to listening and carrying out her commands. How else was I going to get any better?

"Come on you can do it. I want you to use all of your body this time. Come on push! Move the boat. Focus. Focus on your strength.

The pain came searing up my legs and arms. From a dull ache to a steady burning, not to be relieved by my rapid breathing. I wanted to stop, but she pushed me on. I felt myself giving up control to her. She had all the power, it was the only way I could keep going. When she yelled I rowed through the pain. My body told me to stop, but it was her voice that kept me going.

Finally, and only after an agonizingly slow period of time, she let me stop and sit still in my boat for a moment.

"You've got to use your arms and back, but learn to relax your shoulders." I felt exhausted and it was hard to listen to her. "You're tensing up when you pull, and because of that you're losing strength." The pain was beginning to go away, as I caught my breath.

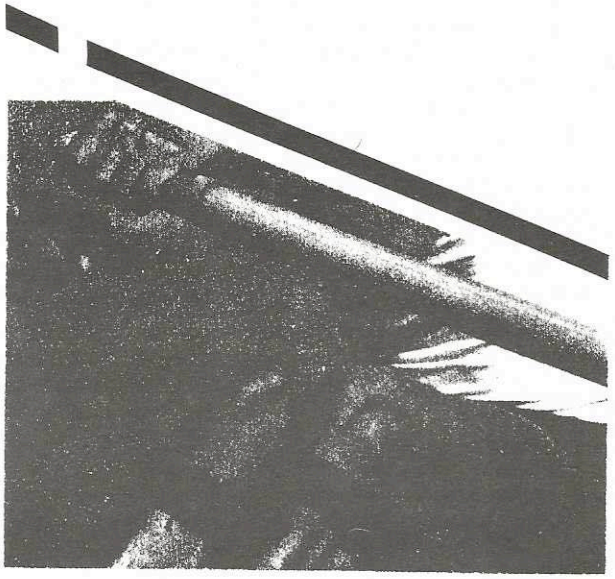
"OK, turn your boat around." I wanted to quit now, but I knew there was more, and I knew that for some reason I'd do whatever she asked. Strangely enough I liked giving up all that power. It was as if I could go on a brief vacation from my body. A vacation from the responsibility of always being in control.

"This time we're going to do 25 minutes. I'll be following you all the way and I really want you to concentrate on two things: your thighs and your shoulders. Relax your shoulders." I knew this would be a long piece and I tried to prepare myself.

As I rowed I knew I did want to get better and and do my best for her. Somehow she had a way of inspiring me to put myself through test after grueling test each day. I used my back, my arms and my legs on each stroke and the boat shot through the water.

"That's it, pull . . . pull harder now." I was feeling it everywhere and I threw my whole body into moving the boat. The pain began slowly to creep up my thighs and arms again. A predictable pain of physical exercise, I could almost see it coming. It was at this point in my workout, during the last piece, that my mind would usually start to wander.

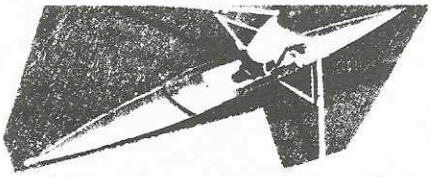
As I pulled on the oars I was drifting to another place in my mind. A place of fantasy-like imagery. I began to move out of my body, but I could still hear her voice. "Think about

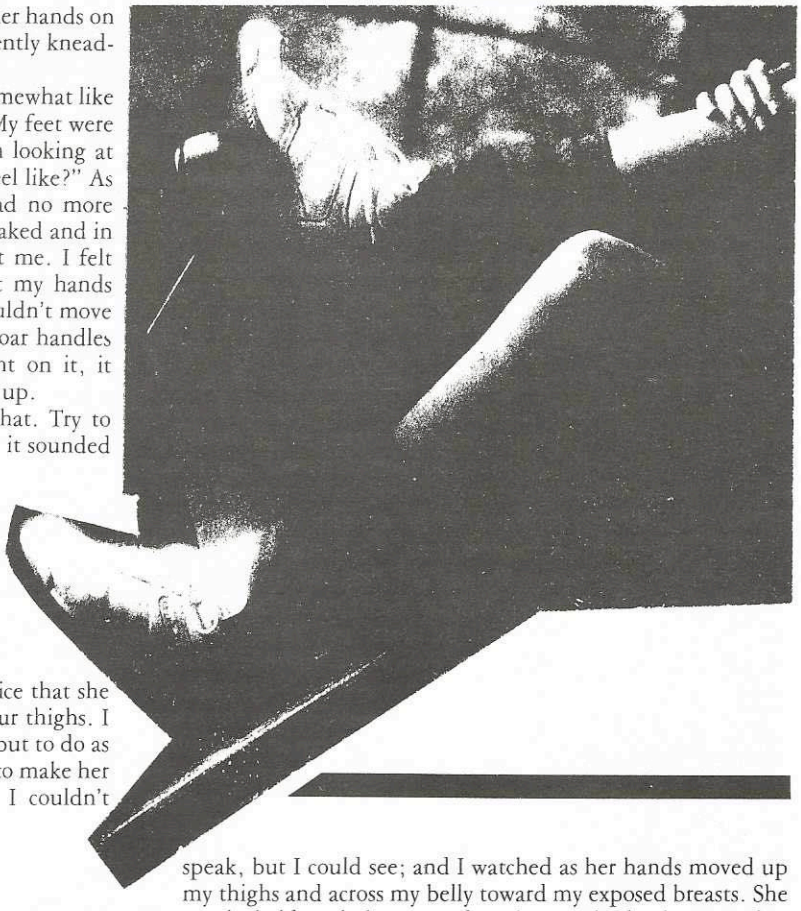


your thighs. What do they feel like?" She placed her hands on my knees and moved them slowly to my thighs, gently kneading my sore muscles. "Focus on your thighs."

It seemed I was lying back on a low bench, somewhat like a weight bench, with the top covered in leather. My feet were on the floor and she was standing between them looking at me. She seemed so close. "What do your thighs feel like?" As I watched her rubbing my thighs I noticed I had no more shorts on, nor a shirt for that matter. I was stark naked and in my realization a wave of fear and excitement hit me. I felt suddenly embarrassed and moved to sit up, but my hands were tied above my head to a weight bar and I couldn't move them. They were placed just as they were on my oar handles and the bar had five hundred pounds of weight on it, it wouldn't budge. I felt myself beginning to tense up.

"Relax, don't tense up your shoulders like that. Try to relax your whole body." I could hear her voice but it sounded farther away than where she was on the water.





I tried to pull my thighs together only to notice that she was standing between my knees. "Think about your thighs. I want you to focus on them." I felt I had no choice but to do as she said. As I felt her warm hands I waited for her to make her next decision. I couldn't move, and it seemed I couldn't speak, but I could see; and I watched as her hands moved up my thighs and across my belly toward my exposed breasts. She gently held each breast and took my nipples between her fingers rolling and pulling at them.

"That's it, just relax now. Relax and focus." My nipples sent a shot of sensation through my whole body. As my heart pounded in anticipation, I thought, "How can I not focus on my nipples, they're burning up." The sweat rolled off my forehead and I felt my breathing quicken. "Keep concentrating now." My wetness dripped from between my legs onto the leather bench covering.

"It's all right if you get wet." I heard a voice from far-off say. "Just keep going." Water was splashing my back as I plunked my oars into the river, straining with each stroke.

"No, no." I felt myself trying to say. "I need to stop now." But the words weren't coming out right.

"You can do it. Come on, harder now. Just ten more strokes." Her hand fell into my slippery, warm wetness. "You can do a little more today." I felt exposed, embarrassed and very turned on. I trusted my body in the hands of this woman, as I felt my cunt throbbing in a rhythm.

"Focus now. Just a little longer. Put your whole body into it." The warmth shot back and forth from nipple to cunt. I felt a if the boat was going to tip.

"It's going to tip over," I mumbled. We were falling, falling over into the river, but as I felt the water around me it was smooth and warm and delicious.

I stayed in the warmth for a brief, wonderful moment and soaked as much of it up as I could before letting her voice come closer again. "That was a great piece. Better than you've done in a month. You really pushed yourself. Good job."

I found myself slumped over the oars, my shirt and shorts drenched in a mixture of rain and sweat, as I listened to her comments. Gradually the pain started to subside from my arms and legs, as well as my back and any other muscles I could remember.

SHOPPING

By Pat M. Kuras

I have never been a careful
shopper.
Run out for errands, see some
special sale
and forget the errand, buy
everything but
what I meant to buy.
It's like that with you
and me.
Friends tell me you're accessible,
easy, attainable.
I'm afraid that I'll grab you
without thinking twice.
Later, feel burdened with
something extra, something
I didn't mean to buy,
something I don't want.

Photo by Lavendar Ties

Head Coach

by Leland Pierce

I'd found early in my career as a teacher that the best way to start the day was on my terms. So I'd half jogged half crawled down to the gym before anyone else was there. The silence of the field hall was always comforting, the solid green mats laying on the polished wood floors made it easy to begin my stretch outs. For some reason I'd close my eyes and count to myself, one breath, two bend, three hold, the rhythm of the day began. I bent over my outstretched legs and grasped one ankle pulling my chest flat against my knees. My nipples brushed against the fabric of my sweat pants. It felt both pleasant and annoying.

I'd spent a lot of time not thinking of a certain woman who helped coach one of the school soccer teams. I pulled harder into the bend. She had a small tight body and when she wore shorts the flesh of her leg met the curve of her ass in obscene perfection. It always made me a little short of breath to think of her—of course, I could blame it on the workout.

I spread my legs in a split, locking my elbows against my upper thighs, pushing my torso further towards the floor. The pain traveled up my tendons following the line of the leg right up to my central location. I pushed harder. Wanting to erase the thought of her that dangerous temptation of pale gold skin. How many afternoons had I watched her grab the ball in those two strong weathered hands tossing it back onto the field arching her back and falling a little forward. Months now, such an exercise in frustration, exquisite torture. Given all outside indications one would never have a hint of my feelings. I remained somewhat distant towards her, perhaps a trifle cold on occasion, just yesterday I'd found myself saying something rather sarcastic to her, she just looked at me with those hazel eyes a little puzzled yet a trace of amusement lingering in them. I turned over onto my back and began doing lifting, my legs in high circles in the air. The few times we'd spoken of our private lives both of us admitted to no present commitments and traded words on the difficulty of finding interesting "people" in our circumstances. That anonymous noun left much to be imagined.

The burn was beginning. I pumped harder wanting to work up a sweat. I curled myself into a ball knees up hands in back of my head straining to my knees. Breath out now that I was warm it was time to start the

continued on next page

Vera Styled

by Rita Speicher

Vera's content to think of sex as popular autobiography. She gathers anecdotal evidence first-hand and because she doesn't have a telephone gives my number for messages. When she says you're so fair I assume she means my complexion till she corrects my mistake. Vera and I are almost at ease being cultural strangers.

Vera prances through the door, tunes the radio to the local jazz station and arranges two birds of paradise with Hawaiian ferns. "Wait for me," she coos, grabbing my towel from the chair, removing her camisole.

Vera's just returned from Liquid Sky. In the movie anyone who shoots up or has an orgasm dies. The star is androgynous, seducing herself in drag where everyone watches in a crowded scene. Pushing herself across the floor she says to herself "c'mon, show me your beautiful cock." The director is Russian and the American cast is into original punk which is English and violent. Vera says in this case exaggeration is excited accuracy. If it disgusts you go aggravate the rich.

The gulls make a racket feeding at low tide. Vera tosses a comb and scissors on my bed and says she wants a hair cut. I don't know the first thing about cutting hair. Vera has hers styled often. This week: asymetric lines with porcupine spikes and gradated color from brown at the ears to a crown of platinum that goes iridescent in stagelight.

"Cut it short," Vera says, spreading her legs in front of me on the bed, still wet from the shower. "I want everyone who touches me to know you've been there. I want everyone to read your signature."

"Why do you. . . "

"Cut it, I said, now, I said."

"Okay I will." It's sexually unnerving to be outside with Vera but inside it's all personal, like an invisible church. I run the comb through her hair, pulling out the damp curls, angling the scissors away from her lips, snipping.

"Don't move," I warn.

"My whole cunt is squinting."

"I said don't move."

"Hurry," Vera threatens.

I become familiar with the scissors. The possibilities. I pace it slow, absorbing the effect of patience on each hand, the exposure like an air root.

"Hurry," Vera repeats.

"Are you pleased?" I finally ask.

Vera adjusts the mirror in my hand then tilts her head, looking from the many angles. "I'm going to take you dancing tonight. I'm going to wear tight pants that'll rub."

We go to the men's bar because a friend of Vera's is spinning. We dance for hours til we're too hot then escape to the deck. "I want to be queen," Vera sighs, following the moonlight on the bay, drying her hair with a napkin, "I want to deserve the happiness." With Vera I exercise more often, beginning, middle and humility.

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weights. The weight room was a sorry excuse of a room. A dark stuffy place filled with expensive torture devices. I pushed the door closed and stripped down to my shorts safe in the assumption that no one else was masochistic enough to be doing this at six o'clock in the morning. I started with the leg curls arms gripping the bar, face pushed into leather legs curling to meet my ass. I head towards the twenty fifth rep concentrating totally. I nearly had a heart attack when I felt a hand push my face further into the bench. I struggled to release myself and heard the click of metal. Oh my god, handcuffs. Now I was really scared. I couldn't turn around I couldn't move my hands I was terrified. Suddenly I felt a cool cheek brush against my own.

"Don't struggle so hard, you'll only hurt yourself."

The voice was distinctly feminine, but unrecognizable. The hand began stroking my bare back. Then I felt a rough tongue working its way down my spine. Up and down my back licking and sucking every bead of sweat off.

"Relax," the voice commanded.

Of course I mean it isn't every day that you get taken in the privacy of your own weight room. "Keep going with the curls." I obliged beginning to relax. I just reached the top of my thighs when her hand hit the surface of my ass hard. I started to scream out in protest. "Shut up. I'm the one in charge here." The voice was high pitched but full. I continued the exercise, she continued to slap. Unwillingly I found myself arching up to meet her hand. "Don't do that, did I tell you to do that?" no I answered. I felt her body settle into the small of my back. I felt her hand pulling at the elastic of my nylon shorts. I heard myself call out begging her to touch me. Use me. I could feel the heat of her seeping through her sweats onto my back. I rocked from side to side trying to increase the contact between us. She slipped a hand down onto my crotch just holding it there, not touching just hovering. I think I began to whimper. I'd deny it later, of course. I certainly began to tremble. Hands slipped further still just barely touching. "Are you wet?" she asked. "Is the pope catholic?" I answered. This time two hands came thundering down to meet the sweating firmness of my ass. I was biting my lip to keep from screaming. The pain became a burn, the burn turn to a stinging tingle and I was lost. Later that week I was out on the soccer field eyeing Jane with new curiosity.

Alicia

by Judith Pasternak

Oh, the juke box is hot tonight, though not as hot as I am. From half a block away, I hear—no, *feel*—the thumping bass, crashing out into the street, thud-thud, like surf, like a heartbeat, like Alicia's heartbeat, thud-thud against my breast. The thought sends my own heart pounding again, thud-thud—or is that the bass, reaching as deep inside me as Alicia does in my dreams? And in the cool street I start to sweat, my body blushing at what I want from tonight, what I want from handsome Alicia waiting there for me beside the blaring juke—oh please, let her be waiting there for me!

Can she be waiting there? Is this night real? Did I ever actually get her phone number, even? That alone was a quest so long I felt like Quixote, tilting not at windmills but at the paralysis that comes on me at every vision of Alicia since she first came striding over to me on those unbelievably long legs, a brown bomber jacket loose around the top of her, tight blue jeans clinging to those great, strong legs, and I, paralyzed, rooted to the ground, so that when she put out her large hand and said, "Hi, I'm Alicia," I tried to lift mine to take it, only to lurch against the outstretched hand, the touch robbing me of what little power of speech I might otherwise have had left, and I never said, can I see you again, and then had to spend weeks on the quest for her unlisted phone number. . . . And can she really have said yes when after the first mute moment on the phone I asked her to meet me here tonight by the blaring juke?

But yes, she is, shining there in the same bomber jacket, this time with leather jeans tight down those long legs—my god, Alicia is *big*! I imagine leaning my head on her shoulder as we dance, and I can smell the leather, feel her arms, and of course again I cannot speak. Nor does she, for the first moment, and I think, oh, Alicia, is it like this for you, too, or are you just not sure if you recognize me?

Still, we manage. To find a table, Alicia walking behind me, holding my elbow—is this Alicia being butch, or merely, in a sisterly fashion, holding me up now that my knees have disappeared? We manage, even, to order drinks. Alicia drinks scotch, of course, and I order what the passionate pair at the next table are drinking, a mad decoction of melon and vodka unlike anything I've ever drunk before. When it comes, all green crushed ice with a straw, I slurp it up like soda, so thisty is my mouth for that cool sweetness. An embryo of a smile tugs at the wonderfully-etched left corner of Alicia's mouth, but she aborts it and says, seriously, "You'd better take it easy with that, it's stronger than it seems." I can handle it, I tell her, and handle it I do, and another of the same, just as quickly, drinking them down while she watches me silently. Alicia is a woman of few words. After the second cool, sweet green drink, I ask her, voice breaking, do you want to dance? And we do dance, Alicia holding me up because my knees have disppeared again, we dance until Alicia says (and her voice doesn't break), "Do you want to leave?"

Oh, Alicia, I do want to leave with you, I want to take you home to my apartment, cleverly located long ago just around the corner, in case this night should come. I want to take you to my bed, cleverly located long ago in the bedroom of the apartment just around the corner. And with unsteady steps I lead Alicia out of the bar, remembering only when the night air cools my fevered face the mess in the apartment around the corner. How I wish now that I had spent some of the early evening cleaning up, instead of putting on one shirt, one sweater, one pair of pants after another and then hurling them into corners as inadequate to the occasion, inadequate to Alicia. My steps this unsteady walk home are slowed by wondering whether we can get to the bed without turning on any lights.

No, it turns out that, at least, is more than we can manage, and indeed, in the bedroom I see an embryo grimace tug downward at that same wonderful corner of her mouth. But she aborts that, too, as inadequate to the occasion and sets about instead—oh, wonderful!—removing my sweater, shirt and jeans and hurling them to join their fellows in the corner. When I'm wearing only my serviceable, plain white underpants, I see once again that embryo smile, until she buries her face between my breasts, and I put my hand on her neck and feel the collar of the bomber jacket and realize that she's still fully dressed.

"Oh, well," she says and takes off the bomber jacket, takes off the shirt, and turns away from me to slither out of the leather jeans, revealing, to my utter amazement, hot pink bikini underpants trimmed with lace *and* bows. She turns to me and once more I see that hint of a smile, this time indicating—but I don't know what it indicates. The sight of those bows is too much for me, and finally I am galvanized out of paralysis and fling myself at Alicia, pulling her into the bed and out of the bikinis and feeling, at last, Alicia's heart, thud-thud against my breast. Sweeter than the melon drink is Alicia's heartbeat against my breast, and sweeter than the melon drink is my long night with Alicia, yes, and hotter than the juke box, too, and perhaps as loud. Sweet, even, are the short sleeps we take in the long night . . .

Finally, one simultaneous waking finds us looking happily into each other's eyes in full daylight. "Mmmm," says Alicia, stretching out of my reach, "what time is it?" I lift my shirt from the clock, look, and put the shirt back. "No, really," she says, "I have to be somewhere." When, I ask her, smiling. She doesn't smile as she reaches across me, picks up the shirt, and looks at the clock. "Shit," she says, setting the shirt neatly on the bed. "Now."

And she gets up and walks across the room to the chair where her shirt and sweater and leather jeans are neatly folded atop a pile of my unfolded clothes. "Shit," she says again, "where are my underpants?" Where I hurled them, no doubt, but all our searching yields no trace of hot pink. "Shit," Alicia says again, "what am I going to do?" She glares at me. "Try to find them, will you?" she says and marches into the bathroom. I search again, with no better luck. Then, from the bathroom: "Damn! DAMN!" I ask what's the matter. "I got my period!" she howls. Stomping now, she comes out, and towering stands over me: "Would you mind telling me what I'm supposed to do with a nine o'clock appointment, leather pants, and no underpants?" I offer a pair of my white serviceable ones, and this time she doesn't smile at all, just stands scornfully over me, glaring: "What size do you wear—three?" No, there's no way my small, serviceable white pants will go over those Amazonian hips . . .

I seem to be out of Tampax. I find a box of old-fashioned sanitary napkins, the kind you fasten on with a belt. After ten minutes of rummaging through my dresser, we find, scrunched in the bottom drawer, a twisted belt, brittled with age, to go with the napkin. And, the outline of the napkin silhouetted faintly under the leather jeans, Alicia stomps out of my house— and out of my life . . .

Four days later, four disheartening days of calling Alicia and getting no answer and, in between calls cleaning up my house against the unlikely event of her return, I bring five shirts to the laundry. The laundry man separates and counts them: one, two, three, four, five. The fifth is the shirt I wore that night. As he sets it on the counter, a pair of hot pink, lacy bikini underpants falls to the floor. We stare down at them together.

"Those cost extra," he says.

He doesn't know how much.

HOT & HEAVY: An Evening of Good Clean Sleaze!!

A benefit fashion show by women for women, held at Boston's Somewhere Else on December 8, 1985. Proceeds benefited Bad Attitude and our sisters at Outrageous Women.

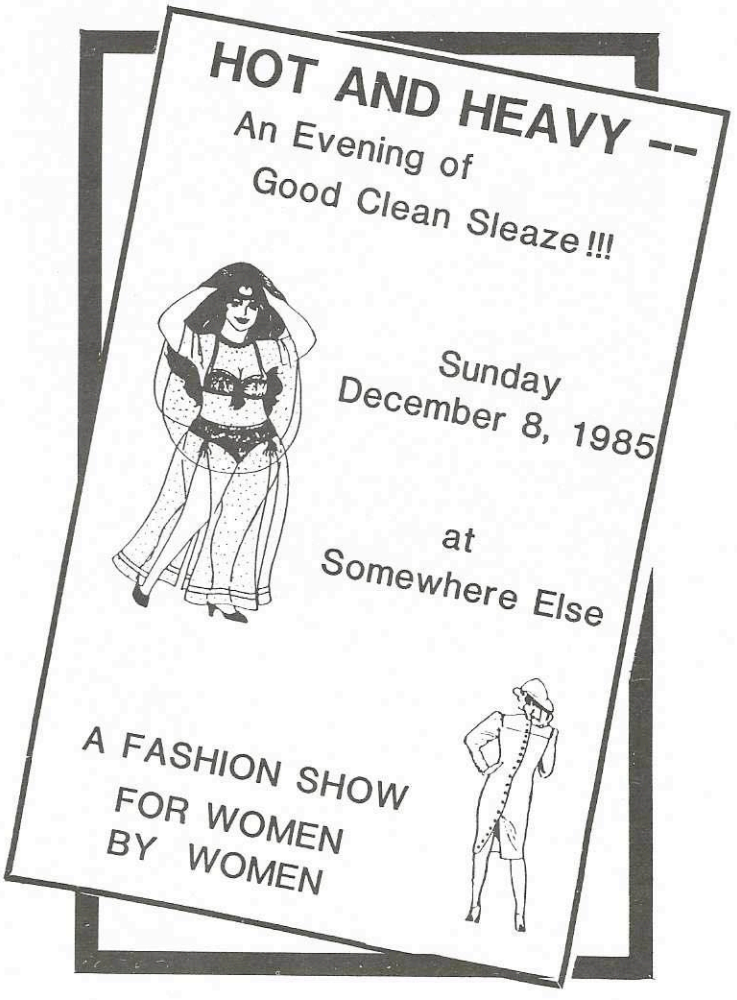
We would like to thank organizers Lynne Levine and Judith Stein for the vision and persistence in conceptualizing and producing this event. We would also like to thank all of the models — Mances, Jo, Candy, Lauri, Mary, Sue, Jan, Lynne, Judy, CJ, Beth, Joanna, Susan, Carole, and Adrienne — as well as DJ Meri Lawrence and photographer Suzanne C. Shepard, whose work appears here.

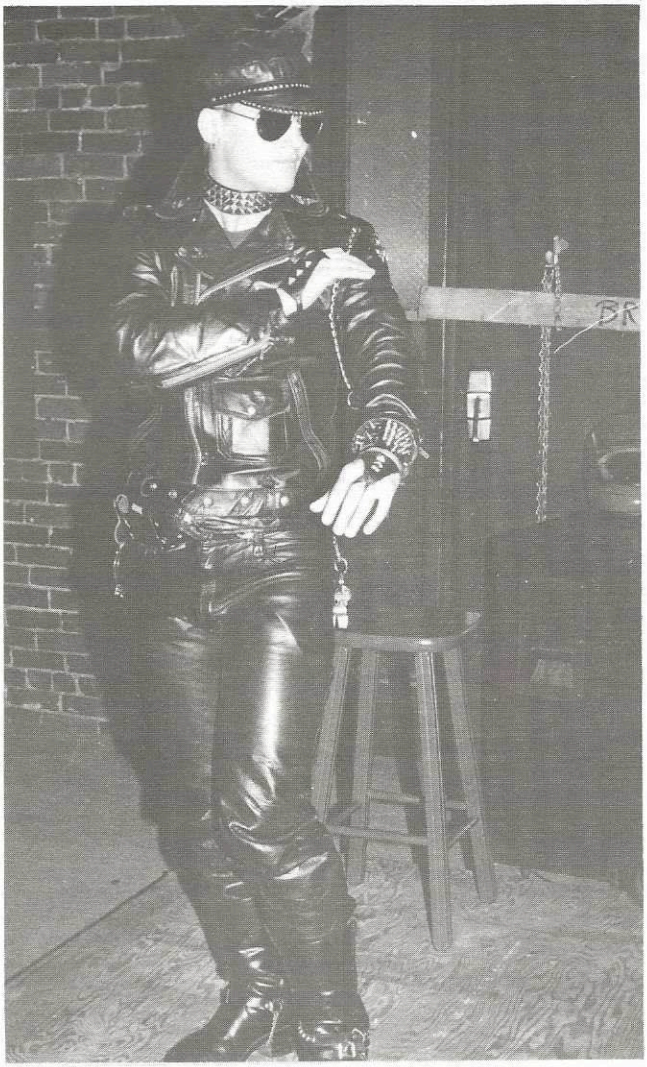
The captions come from the script written by Judith Stein, Mistress of Ceremonies.

The programme from the event describes its intentions:

"Welcome to Hot and Heavy: An evening of good clean sleaze!!. This fashion show is a benefit for Outrageous Women and Bad Attitude. It was organized to support them by providing a little publicitiy, some financial help, and a show of public support for their existence. Each magazine, in its own way, testifies to the exciting range of women's sexuality. We support this open expression of our sexual pleasures, and wish for a long and lustful life for Bad Attitude and Outrageous Women.

Our models tonight are women of all sizes: fat, thin, and in-between. We wanted to celebrate our beautiful diversity by presenting sexy women of every shape and size. Open your hearts to new notions of what is sexy or handsome or hot. Every one of our models is a beauty — and we know you're in for a big treat!!"

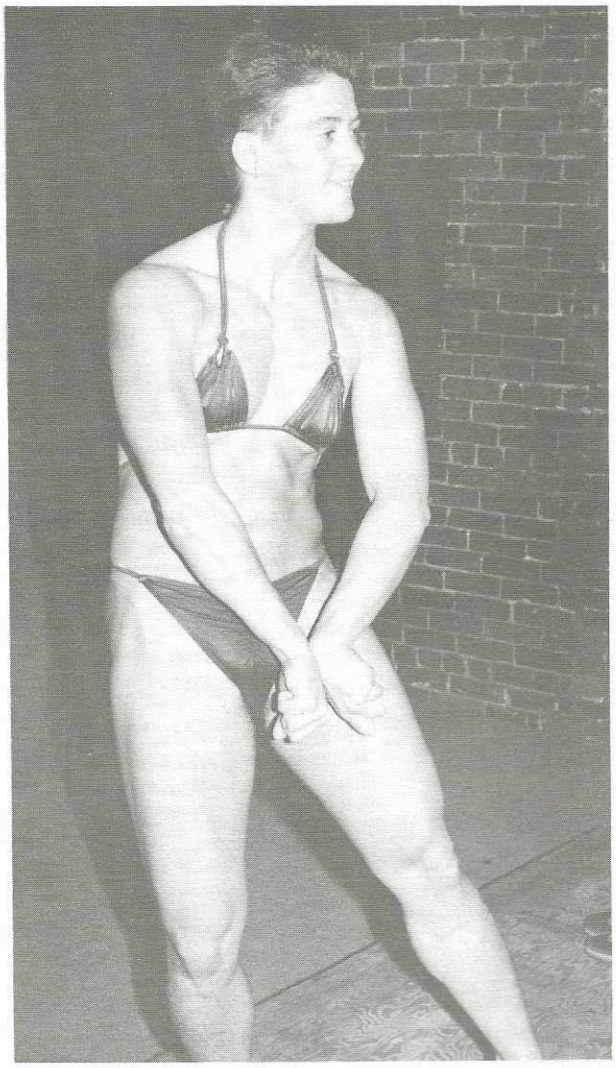




For lovers of leather and bikes . . . Spike shows us the finest in motorcycle drag. From tip to toe she's ready for action. A black leather motorcycle jacket, well worn after eight years of continous use, is accented with a shoulder chain on the left. Underneath Spike's jacket is an open front vest, custom made by Half Moon Bay in Provincetown. The vest is worn over a black cotton cut-off muscle shirt, which is accented by a leather military-style Sam Brown belt. The belt, custom made by Boston's own Innovations in Leather, crosses over the right shoulder and buckles in the front. Black leather jeans-style pants are a "must" to compliment the rest. Black leather motorcycle boots with buckling boot chains and a smooth-studded leather collar accent — on the left side of course — complete the basic elements of this ensemble.

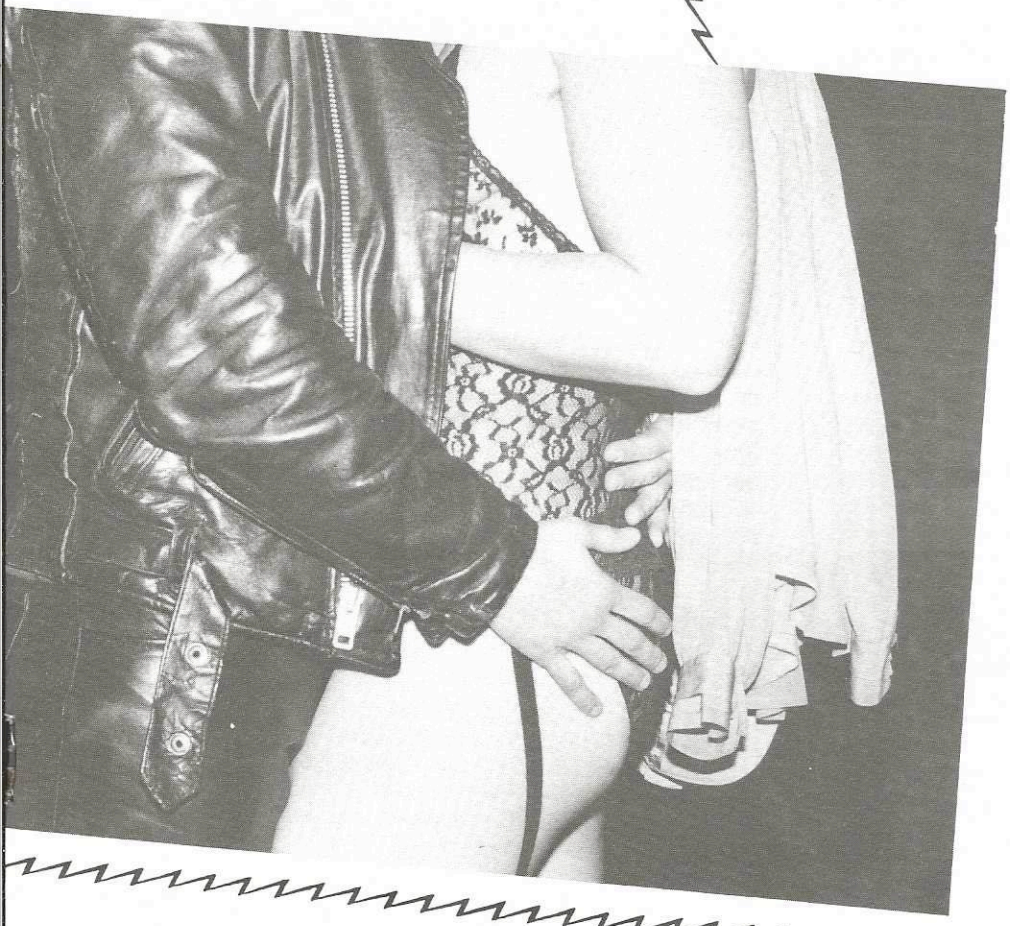
As with every fashionable dresser, Spike knows that the accents are ever so important! At her throat she wears a snap-on studded collar with pyramid shaped studs. She adds further interest to an already intriguing outfit with a strap-on armband studded with Christmas tree spikes, and black leather handlets with pyramid shaped spikes and velco fastenings. At her belt Spike wears regulation hand cuffs with double locks, held in place by a holder with a snap release. This carefully selected outfit is topped off by a black leather cap and mirror sunglasses. Anybody want a ride?

Imagine its hot . . . very, very hot. Beth is ready in this striking string bikini. Made of shimmering burgundy fabric, the bikini has a gathered plunging neckline, and is gathered at the rear. Criss cross straps at the back make sure that not too much is revealed. And in case you were worried about someone kicking sand in Beth's face, she's more than ready . . .



After the ball is over, after the guests have gone . . . Mance is dressed for some late-night fun in this black peignoir set. She is wearing a full-length lace-trimmed wrap over a matching nightie. The nightie makes Mances' charms abundantly clear! Dangling rhinestones at her ears, and a black lace necklance with a red rhinestone center at her ears, and a black lace necklace with a red rhinestone center add sparkle to this breath-taking ensemble.

Even in the boudoir, or perhaps especially there, accessories are ever so important. Mances adds to the enticement of this ensemble with a lace garter over fishnet stockings. On her feet, she wears stiletto-heeled kiss me/fuck me shoes. This entire ensemble raises great possibilities for bedroom games, and Mances is ready. Inside her black velvet bag she carries wrist restraints of the supplest leather. All she needs now is someone to tie them on . . .



Delicate, demure, but never dull . . . Adrienne is both oh so proper, and oh so provocative!! This white satin party dress creates excitement by revealing a little bit, but teasing a lot. Its straight skirt and fitted waist are accented by a peplum in the front, and in the back. A large satin bow accents the waistline in front. The dress is backless, with a demurely high front neckline. But the bodice boasts a deeply plunging v-neck of white lace netting. Revealing so much and yet so little, this tantalizing bodice is accented with opalescent sequined flowers trimmed with seed pearls. Adrienne comples the virginal charms of this daring dress with opal earrings, white stockings, high heels, and ever so proper wrist-length white gloves. How does Adrienne look so innocent and so wicked at the same time???

Photos by Suzanne C. Shepard

Stars Go Out Sometimes But Others Take Their Place

An exerpt from a novel in progress

by Jackie Kelly

Mary?
Mmhm.
Do you ever have fantasies?
Yes. Fantasies.
Ya mean like elfs and spaceships an stuff like that?
You know what I mean.
Naw, I don't think I do.
Sexual fantasies, Mary.
Sexual fantasies?
Yes, sexual fantasies.
Like what?
Like when you see a really nice woman on the street and you imagine taking her home.
Oh.
Or someone you know. Don't you ever look at someone you see every day and wonder what kinds of things you could do together?
Naw.
Oh come on Mary, never?
Well, not really.
Not really. What's that supposed to mean?
How bout you? You ever have fantasies?
Sure. My latest one is to know what a penis feels like.
Good Lord!
Well, I think it would be exciting. Hands are nice. . .
Carrots can be fun.
. . . but sometimes I just want something a little different.
Hmm.
Okay. Now you tell me one.
Hmm?
One of your fantasies.
I ain't got none, I told ya.
Oh you've got to have at least one.
How come?
Because it's normal!
I jist haven't thought all that much about it.
Well think about it. Make one up.
Now?
Yes!
What'll I say?
Anything you want to.
Okay . . . let's see . . . I walk inta the room an they're settin there waitin fer me an I know that fer awhile I won't hafta do nothin but let em do it ta me.
How's that?
Great, go on.
I walk inta the room an they're settin there lookin at me an smilin an I know they're gonna do it but I don't know what it's gonna be an I'm scared. One of em stands up an she's smilin an the other one's settin there lookin at me an bitin her lip an I think I'm gonna leave. Well, whataya think?
I think there's more.
Okay. One of em's smilin an she walks over ta me an puts her hands in my hair real soft an it feels real good an I smile. An she smiles an kisses me on the lips real soft then on the neck an throat an the other side a the neck real soft then back up ta the lips only not quite so soft this time. I wanta put my hands on her ass an kiss her too but I'm scared so I don't do nothin. Then she stops kissin me an I know that's what I was scared of an I figure she'd gonna go back to the couch an set with her friend.
Is that it?
Ya want more?
Yes!
Well, she don't go set on the couch, she starts unbuttonin my shirt she starts at the top an goes real slow she goes real slow an stops ever couple a buttons ta slide her hands inside then slide em back out an unbutton a couple more real slow. I'm standin there with my arms hangin down an I don't wanta move an I know I don't hafta cause she's gonna do it and I'm gonna let her. She unbuttons my shirt and pulls it back and hooks her hands together in the small a my back, an she puts her forehead on my chest an licks between my breasts an blows on it. She puts her forehead on my chest an I close my eyes an put back my head an breathe. I close my eyes an the woman watchin on the couch ain't on the couch no more cause she's got my arms behind my back an she's holdin em real tight. She's holdin em real tight an I'm all spread out in front an the smilin woman's touchin me all over with her lips an tongue. An her teeth now her teeth are on my shoulder hard she's bitin hard an I can't breathe I'm gaspin, an the womanonthecouch is holdin my arms real tight an suckin on the back a my neck. She pulls even harder an I'm open even more in front an the smilinwoman is on my nipples bitin and suckin an bitin and sucking. I wanta scream but nothin comes out I wanta pull away but the womanonthecouch is flat against me and she ain't budgin an I ain't goin nowhere. But now the smilinwoman is goin down now she's goin down on her knees buttin her head up against me, now the womanonthecouch is pushin on me with her hips now my feet are leavin the ground an I'm hangin there jist hangin there feelin held an it feels good. I'm feelin good an I'm back on my feet leanin on the womanonthecouch and the smilinwoman is unzippin my jeans real slow takin em down real slow holdin my cheeks soft, pullin em open real slow layin her forehead on my belly soft, breathin in my hair soft, real slow soft, real slow, soft.

Halloween

by Jen Pruden

It was Halloween. I had decided to dress for the occasion by wearing my old school uniform. The white blouse and plaid skirt of my Catholic girlhood. A friend was dressing as the devil and we planned to go out after my class. I was just getting ready to leave my house when there was a knock on the door. I thought it would be a child, but when I opened the door there was a woman standing there. She was wearing a black velvet mask. It came down her face like the lower parts of a butterfly's wings. It had great plumes of black feathers that swirled up the sides, and a few rhinestones glittering on the surface. She was dressed in a black shirt and pants tucked into high black boots. She wore gloves of black lace. Her hair was blond and curly.

As she entered my apartment I noticed that she was also wearing a long black cape. She did not speak to me but nodded. I chattered on that she could stay just a minute because we had our class to go to, and I thought we were meeting there, but she didn't speak.

As we began to descend the stairs, she turned to me and began to kiss me sliding her hands beneath my shirt. I didn't think to protest because I had wanted her for so long, but I laughed a little against her lips, nervously. She let me go and continued down. When she reached the bottom she paused to wait for me. I led the way into my living room. She walked around the room running her fingers over the velvet couch, picking up a curio to examine, and gazing at the lush colors as if she had never been here before. She traced the edge of a gilt mirror and smiled. Then she walked over to the fireplace and stirred up the fire I had banked. I asked if she would like a glass of wine, and she nodded yes. I opened a burgundy and poured two goblets. She raised hers toward me and nodded.

After a few minutes of silence I stood and was about to speak, but she silenced me with a gesture. As I undid the first button I decided to try and arouse her with my actions. Slowly I undid the buttons, and then let the fabric slip off my shoulders. I had done this sort of thing to mirrors before, arousing myself, but never before another person.

I let the blouse slip down to my wrists where I paused for a moment before it fell. Beneath it I wore a transparent chemise. I unzipped my skirt and slid it over my hips. I stood in my panties. They too were almost transparent. They had wide legs that were trimmed with lace. Beneath them I wore a garter belt. I stepped out of my shoes and stood before her in my stockinged feet. For the first time since I had touched that first button, I looked up at her.

She was sitting in front of the fire as before, but her lips were parted, and she was running the fingers of one hand lightly up and down the inside of her thigh. When she saw me look at her, she raised her glass toward me again. I lifted my foot and set it on the ottoman next to her. I undid my garters and slowly rolled my stocking down my leg. I dropped the stocking on the floor, and then proceeded with the second one which joined its partner. Then I unlaced my garter belt and withdrew it from my panties. I stood before her clad only in my undergarments.

Before I could take them off, she took my hand and pulled me toward her. She stayed seated, and I stood before her. I was aroused, and I held myself near her lips so she could smell my arousal. She slid one hand up beneath my panties and let one finger play, sliding around in my moistness. That finger parted my lips exploring further. I stood extremely still as it slipped further in, and then out again. She let it flicker almost imperceptibly over my clit and I could barely control a shudder. I could barely keep a moan from escaping my lips.

I pulled back away from her and drew my chemise over my head ever so slowly, pausing at the tips of my breasts, threatening to let it drop again. Finally I pulled it from me and let it fall to the floor. Then I slid the pants off, at last standing before her naked. Slowly I turned my back to her and one by one I pulled the pins from my hair. It cascaded down my back to end well below my knees. She gasped. This was the first sound I had heard her make since the evening had started. I parted it and drew its two halves over my shoulder and then I turned to face her.

I raised her up from where she had been sitting, and began to unbutton her blouse, and then her pants. She wore nothing beneath them. At some time unnoticed, she had removed her boots. I reached for her mask, but she gestured for me to let it remain. I knelt down before her and slipped my hand between her legs. I parted her lips, and rested my mouth against her. Slowly I licked the entirety of her. I slipped my tongue inside of her and then grabbed the hood of her clitoris between my teeth. As I began nibbling and sucking, she sank to her knees and began thrashing and moaning.

We continued to make love the rest of the evening but not once did she remove her mask. After several hours the fire died down and we lay in front of it trying to calm our breathing, and our racing pulses. Each of us was slick with sweat, and our bodies glowed before the dying embers. We got dressed and had another glass of wine.

I started to put another log on the fire but she stopped me. She picked her cape up from the couch, and fastened it. I too stood up, and led her back up the stairs to the door. She kissed me once, and then she raised my hand to her lips. I shut the door after her, bolted it and went back down to my apartment. I undressed again, but quickly this time. I trimmed the wick on my lamp, got into bed, and blew it out.

* * *

The next day I met her on the campus with another woman who was in the class we had missed the night before.

"Why weren't you in class last night?" she asked me.

"You know why," I said, smiling.

"No," she answered, looking puzzled.

"Of course you do," I said. "You were at my apartment last night."

"I was in class last night," she said. I looked at the other woman.

"She was in class last night," the other woman confirmed.

"Then who?" I broke off my question abruptly and, rather embarrassed, made my excuses and departed.

She Loves

by Olga Broumas

Deep prolonged entry with the strong pink cock,
the situps it evokes from her, arms fast
on the climbing invisible rope to the sky,
clasping and unclasping the cosmic lorus.

Inside, the long breaths of lung and cunt
caves swell the vocal cords and rasp a song,
loud sudden overdrive into dissintegrate,
spinal melt, video hologram in the belly.

Her tits are luminous and sway to the rhythm
and I grab them and exaggerate their orbs.
Shoulders above like loaves of heaven,
nutmeg flecked, exuding light like violet diodes

each tie my fingers close circuit where the wall,
its fuse box, so stolidly stood. No room
for fantasy. We watch ourselves transform
the past with such disinterested fascination,

the only attitude that does not stall the song
by an outburst of consciousness and still allows
consciousness, loved and incurable
voyeur, its peek. Now consciousness transcends

its nature. Silicone transmits vibration
like the idea of perfect matter, a breath
on its handmade flange stirs from sacrum to anus.
I tap. I slap. I knee, thump, bellyroll.

Her song is hoarse and is taking me
incoherent familiar path like a funnel to that
self we are all cortical cells of.
Every o in her body

makes a beeline for her throat, that open ended
ohming she unleashes beyond breath, lung capacity,
locked on a channel of vibration that takes her
like a skilift up the mountain, no grass

no mountaintop, no snow. One finger, bloodpainting
the palm, a slap of gullwings on the thighs,
gullhead burrowing, then two. Situp, situp.
White belly folding, muscular as milk.

Fingers flutter their toes, dancers in the air.
Situp, situp. Pas de deux, pas de chat, spotlight
on the key of G, clef du roman, tour de force letting,
like the sunlight lets a sleeve against the wind, go.

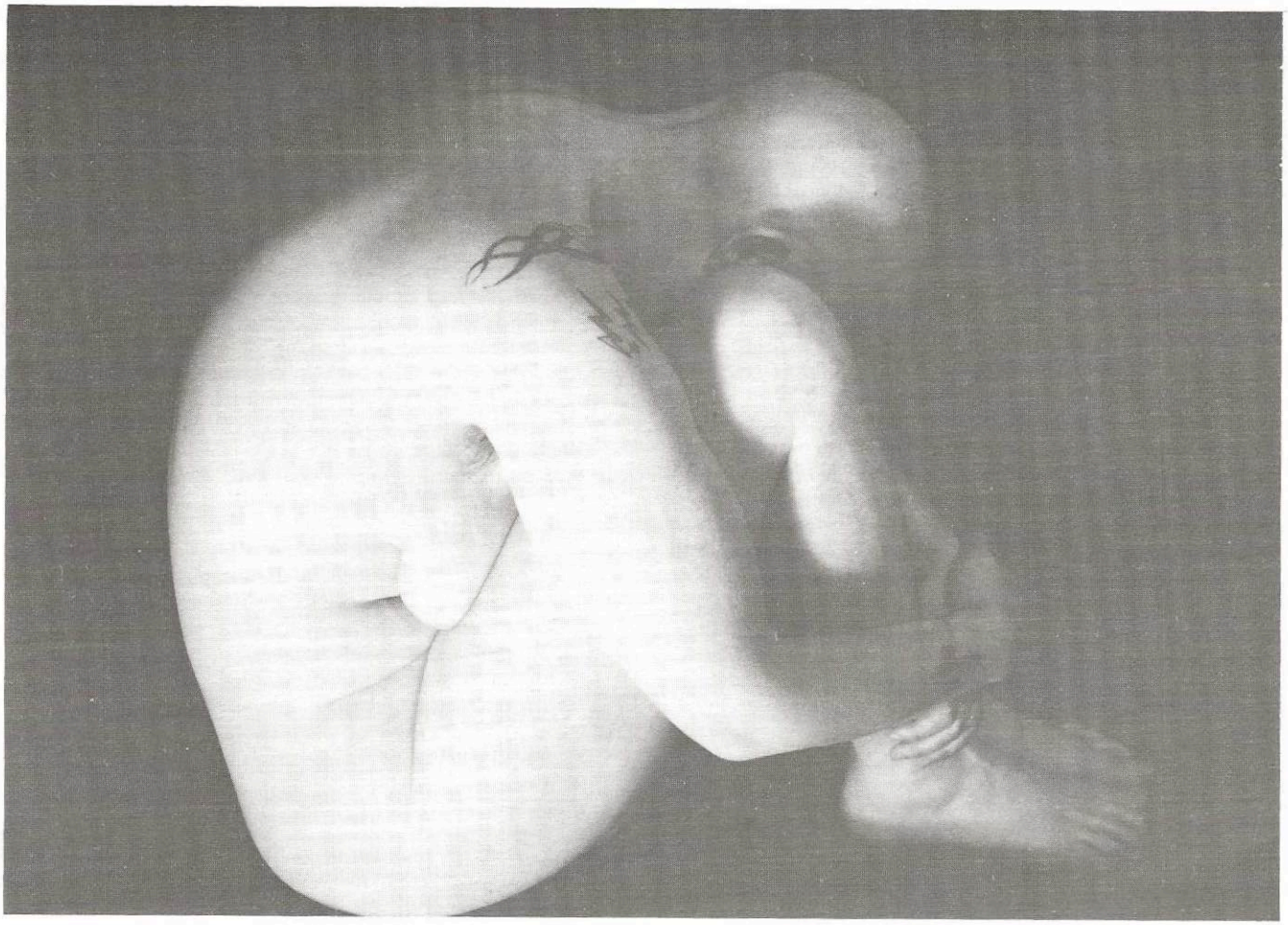


Photo by Suzanne C. Shepard

Before Breakfast

By Rivka S.

Terese peers over my shoulder as I casually lay out the new classified ad under "Personals":

". . . The nice ones never fuck you hard enough
And the ones who fuck you hard enough
Are never nice enough
To keep around past breakfast"

Does this excerpt from a "poem"
by Pat Califia turn you on?
intrigue you? intimidate you?
You are not alone. Box 469.

She laughs snidely and gently, mumbling, 'Hmmm. Well done; I've always liked that poem. Wonder who wrote the ad—either a beginner or a pro into enticing the tender. What do you think, Ginj?"

The three times I had laid out Concord's monthly lesbian newspaper alongside Terese she called me by my last name, shortening it like a nickname, from Gerenger to Ginj. I liked it. I liked her.

"Interesting," I suavely and noncommitally reply. "Gutsy," I add with just enough condescension in my voice to hide the fact that I'm the author of this "well done" creation.

I had never written a classified before and never expected to. Partly out of wimpy-ness, but mainly, to be honest, because I had never wanted for lovers. Since coming flying out of the closet I'd actually overlapped my relationships. So not only was I never celibate; I usually went through periods of having two lovers, or three when I wasn't supposedly monogamous.

My first woman lover used to tease me: "Wouldn't you ever *choose* to be celibate for a while?" She takes sex much too seriously. Well, not seriously, but intensely. For her it's always an intimate, vulnerable experience not to be shared lightly, or often.

Yeah, well, respect for other people's choices aside, I've kinda been bagging all this shit from one branch of feminism—saying women indeed are inherently gentle and committed and vulnerable, and we always experience sex as intimate. . .

Well, first of all, that don't work for me right now, that view of women (you know: w-i-m-m-i-n). Secondly, I've always felt more vulnerable during silence or celibacy, not when spilling my guts or fucking my lovers.

So, why the classy? My current lover suggested it. Amazingly trusting woman she is. Perhaps she simply wanted the turn-on of hearing the gory details after my "scene." Yes, I am one to deliver explicit details. Shamelessly.

Re-reading the Pat Califia piece in one of those lesbian sex mags got to me and inspired me. It worked for me, cause I've always been the nice girl. Not in arguments. Not on the dance floor. But in relationships. I couldn't seem to maintain the pure ego and lust, the part of me that's . . . well, non-verbal.

I like to blame it all on socialization. Mom and Pop America (not my parents *per se* though) taught me sex should be one thing: pure with a man, and in marriage. Well early 1980's lesbian-feminism taught me it should be another—but this other thing was also set, rigid. Sex should be free of power imbalances, gentle, and between two monogamous women. Harumph.

So maybe I bought the second socialization or maybe I've just had a problem I can't blame on the external world; whatever the cause, I was yearning to fuck the way I often felt dancing. (From the looks of various women I'd danced with, the feeling could be mutual). I had little interest in the extremes of S/M—the last thing I needed was more rigid roles; but the new possibilities that S/M opened up for me —just by existing as a subculture—inspired me. Possibilities of playing with power, fantasizing about group sex . . . Besides, my lover had just moved.

"Yo, Ginj, guess that ad just took your breath away, eh babes? Back to earth and back to work."

While I'd been remembering why I wrote the ad, she'd been looking me up and down, probably inspired by my interest in the classified. Perhaps she thought my response revealed my membership in that ambiguous S/M club. Oh shit.

But what the fuck (so to speak). She is gorgeous —by my standards anyway. Average height, strong looking—defined muscles, but without that look of a bodybuilder who has starved all the natural fat off. Bulky muscles and some curves left on her bod. A tough walk, but an obvious awareness of her own pretense at complete confidence. From only three layouts I could tell Terese was human, and hey, who the hell wants a perfect lover—too damn intimidating, or boring.

Pissing nervously on the toilet in the second floor of Terese's house I'm trying to remember how I got here. Which one of us made the next move? I don't even know.

I experience my nervousness in my cunt—even the slide of the soft toilet paper past the folds makes me wince. I lean back and slip both hands under my long-john shirt and pull on my nipples—hard. The solid cold of the toilet seat on my ass and back. The warm slippery sensation in my crotch.

Self-absorbed and avoiding what looms next, I jump as Terese laughs outside, rapping on the door. "Yo! Don't do it *all* alone in there, okay?" How the hell did she know? Does she? How long have I been in here anyway? I panic.

Composing myself I stride out of the lavatory, "So, gimme a tour."

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About to piss once more out of nervousness, but this time too far from any toilet, I wonder again how I got here. Standing back against a cool wall, my pants at my ankles, legs spread as far as the pants will allow, only a t-shirt covering my body. I open my eyes from behind the blindfold and see only a blur—a candle? Early Joan Armatrading plays quietly.

Terese had gotten me to describe some of my fantasies, one of which includes being fucked standing up, not allowed to melt as the pleasure increases —exposed. Blindfolded. I'm not being fucked, but I'm here against the wall.

"Now take the blindfold off." My face must show my confusion. "Fantasies are no fun if they play out in real life just as you anticipated. Take it off and I want to see you come."

She instructs me throughout. "Look me in the eye, Ginj." As I focus on my cunt, she adds, "Your tits, play with them." I am wetter and ballooning in my vagina. This time she communicates non-verbally, turning me around to face the wall and taking one hand from my cunt, to my ass, she steps back to watch. I slide the finger of one hand in and out of my asshole, focusing on my clit with the other hand. The cold wall shocks and thrills my nipples as I rock forward, wet as much from the awareness of a viewer as I am from my own touch.

I come intensely, but much too quickly, self-conscious about my sounds, and wanting the climax to last and last.

When I turn around Terese ties the blindfold back over my eyes, laughing at the surprised look on my face. Pleased the encounter isn't over with an orgasm—aren't too many fucks over then?—I decide *I* need to touch *her*. I grab her turtleneck, grope under it and suck madly around her right breast. She moans quietly and then louder as we intertwine our bodies, standing.

Taking my right hand, Terese leads me from the room, down the hallway I remember touring. I hadn't noticed the feel of the path before, even after taking off my shoes; the blindfold, and my heightened physical tension, make me aware of what I feel. First a soft thick shag rug; even the strands between my toes are a turn-on at this point. As we turn left I jump at the harshness of a cold wood floor.

"I wasn't surprised to hear that you fantasize about groups and my friends here have been waiting for us a while now, impatiently I'm sure."

Quick, I ask myself, do I get excited or scared shitless at this point? Who are these friends and how many? Well, nude though I was, and blindfolded, my body wasn't physically constrained, I trusted Terese, and my physical strength is pretty obvious—I am a large woman.

So I relax some and yet enjoy the remaining tension as Terese lays me down, face up, on a smooth table. "Oh do with me what you will," I moan and laugh. Hell, I might as well play this for what it's worth—I can't imagine ending up in this situation again.

Suddenly my legs are raised, I am pushed to the edge of the table, and my feet are placed in . . . stirrups?! It's a fucking gynecologist's table!! So, I'm not the only one who fantasizes about the vulnerability of this position. My clit is psyched, in fact getting out of control, and no one is even touching it.

Hands continue to try to touch me and I shove them all away. Too much. Too intense. Whew.

I pull off the blindfold and see three women walking out the door. No man. But no dildos. Hmmmm.

I sit on the table and hug my knees. Terese sits behind, encasing me. We laugh for about ten minutes, non-stop. Kiss luxuriously for ten more.

Which no one was to do for a long time. I lose track of time.

Suddenly I am a model, a demonstration almost. "Pull on her nipples," Terese says, and two hands (two people or one?) obey, followed by her commentary: "Watch the ripples that appear. Look how red her tits are now, and hard. Pull harder, stroke softer. Suck on one. Look at the wetness sliding out of her cunt as you pull. Take some of that liquid and spread it on her asshole. Watch the asterisk loosen and clench."

How many people are watching? How many touching? My breasts are on fire and my asshole spasms as she narrates. I am dying to come, but no touch nears my clit. I'm moaning and gasping, and this too she narrates. To whom? For my sake? Hearing my gasps described only increases them.

Yet another hand raises my arms over my head, strokes my pec muscle and into my armpit—the most sensitive parts of my body. I can't keep track of where they touch me. The hairs leading from my bellybutton to my crotch. The folds around my vagina. The space behind my knees. I'm twisting and squirming, moaning as a tongue circles my mouth.

Just as my mouth is entered by the tongue, so is my cunt, by a dildo. Or is it a penis? I can't tell if the cool smoothness is a dildo or a rubber covering a dick.

I am shocked at the fluid pouring out of my cunt and Terese describes each drop clinging to my ass hairs.

Now I am not alone in my moans. I hear at least two others. Just as their sounds practically bring me to orgasm—clit still untouched—all stimulation ceases and I groan loudly in desperation. Slowly, gently, I am taken from the table, stood at the end of it, my elbows on the surface.

"Shit" I cry in delighted surprise as one dildo (I think it's a dildo) climbs straight up my cunt and another (I think), a smaller wetter one, slides into my ass.

At Terese's command someone cups my nipples, scratches down my back and finally, finally my clit. But it's my own hand here.

"Go ahead Ginj," she allows. "Stroke it. Do it fast now, but light." As I start to come: "Stop. Feel your cunt and ass now." The dildos (the pricks?) slide in and out slowly and deliberately. Shit, I can't take it. "Okay, lightly and slowly tease your clit, stopping just before you come. Push, keep your cunt open."

I can't control it anymore. I yell "Fuck you" when she tells me to stop again. Continuing on my clit, the orgasm tumbles over me, shooting bolts of pleasure from my clit to my tits, to my asshole, to my whole cunt, down my spine and legs, along my arms to my fingertips. I come again before the first one is through, yelling and groaning, more uninhibited than I have ever felt, and coming more intensely from my own shouts, and . . . I collapse onto the table.

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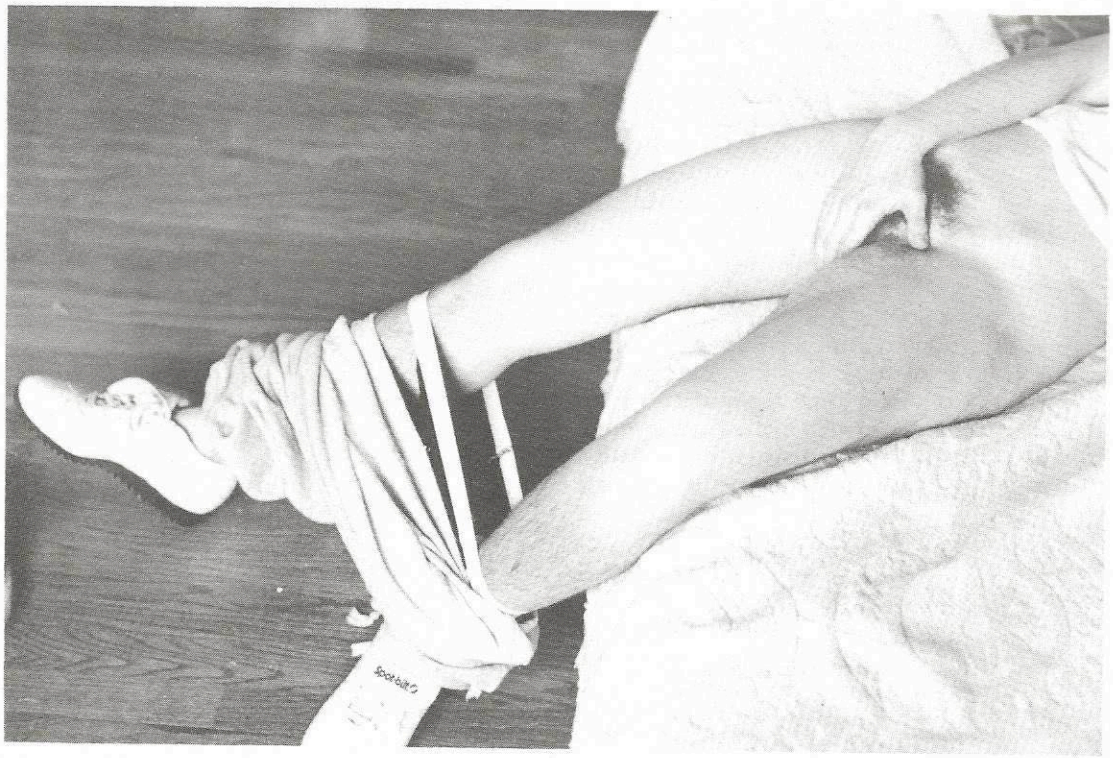

Photo by Lavendar Ties

It's nice here it's nice now the smilinwoman's pushin me down she's pushin me ta the floor naw, I don't want ya ta do this naw, naw, she's pinnin me ta the floor naw, she's pushin her knee I don't want she's pushin her knee in naw I don't, she's pushin hard her knee is grindin in-ta me her hands are on my wrists her knee is pushin harder naw I can't, I'm pushin hard her knee her hands are pullin on my wrists I want, she's fallin back she's pushin up I'm up I'm settin on her knee it's slick I'm slidin down I want I want.

The womanonthecouch takes my jeans an puts em over a chair. The smilinwoman's under me pushin my legs open with her big thighs. The womanonthecouch is back her hands are on my ass real soft an nice jist goin up and down an in and out then pushin up an out, an she keeps blowin in there jist blowin real easy an slow. It's real nice I'm kinda hangin out jist fallin out all over an I don't hafta do nothin an it's real nice. Then her hands are gone an there's somethin wet and slow pourin down my crack inta my asshole an on down. It's warm an sweet it's drippin in real slow like honey only it ain't honey it's slick not sticky it's slick like oil it's oil. I smell rubber I hear the snap as the glove goes on her hand, an now her finger's on my asshole circlin round and round jist circlin round real light an easy, then in a little an round some more real nice an light, then in an round an in an round, an in a little more an out agin an round, an in an in an in. I feel like I hafta shit her out but she stays put an she's kissin my cheeks real soft, an the smilingwoman's talkin in my ear real soft an stickin her tongue in there till she's all I can hear, an the womanonthecouch goes in till I know she can't go no deeper. Then she starts pushin up with the heel of her hand an I'm hangin out an the oil's drippin down, an she slides some fingers up the other hole an moves em around an out an slides more fingers up an out, then the hand the whole hand an it's full up there, and the smilinwoman's tongue is in my mouth, an I'm gaspin all over. An now there ain't no more holes so the womanonthecouch takes her tongue an finishes off what's left an I just fly right on outa there. An the smilinwoman's laughin and the womanonthecouch's laughin and I'm laughin we're layin on the floor jist alaughin an laughin, and the smilinwoman says tomorrow it's my turn an we all laugh some more.

Is that all, Mary?

Yep. That's all.

Walking back towards my house I smile—this time I know exactly how I got here. After talking for an hour I told Terese I wanted to leave and not stay the night, or "have breakfast" as she put it. She drove me most of the way home, honoring my decision to walk the final 1/4 mile, even in the dark. I needed some air. I wanted some time to think and space out, before reading the note she stuffed down my pants as I dressed. A note? One night fucks don't include notes. What the hell did it say and did I want to know? What a stupid question; of course I did.

Amused that such a tense, erotic, playful, bizarre evening could be the result of a classified ad not yet published, I opened the note, which agreed:

> You oughta' write personals more often—you're pretty good, although a bit more obvious than you realize, G.
>
> —Terese
>
> P.S. What do you like for lunch?

Fear of Flying

by Humble Pie

By Lavendar Ties

When I parted with my lover Paula at the airport gate I was so engrossed with her I never noticed another passenger watching our farewell. Although I had some possible S/M contacts where I was headed, the thought of being away from my lover's skilled control for a week had made me unusually bold for a public leavetaking. Looking back, I can understand how Jillian noticed us.

A last kiss and my lover bade me off as they announced final boarding. Following Paula's orders to not look back I did not notice Jillian following me although my lover later told me she saw her take notice of my seat number as I received my boarding pass. I found my seat and settled in to sleep through the flight. The businessman next to me looked like boring company. My lover had allowed me little sleep the night before so I settled under a blanket into a deep sleep from tiredness and to escape the sexual longings I felt in parting from my lover.

I half awoke to the smell of leather, realizing someone was changing seats with the businessman next to me. "I hope I didn't disturb you" said the leather jacketed newcomer. "I had to change seats, the perfume on the woman next to me was too much. I was sure your jacket would smell better so I asked the businessman to move. My name is Jillian, I saw you parting from your friend at the gate." Her knowing look and her jacket let me know we shared some interests.

I found her quite easy to talk to and had soon told her my life story and how horny I was after having just left my lover for a while. Soon our talk slowed and I settled in for another nap. A short while later I felt her lean over to me. I didn't mind and snuggled closer. She whispered to me, "I am going to reach under your blanket. I want you to remain silent and still no matter what. Your safe word will be to stiffen completely. I doubt you will want it though."

Even half awake my thoughts began to race, as did my pulse. I knew what her tone of voice meant, although I couldn't imagine what she would do on an airplane. Next I heard a muffled familiar ratcheting under the blanket. Cold metal encircled my wrist and my eyes flew open. "I got them through the X-ray in a large metal cigarette case," she said of the handcuffs. "I'm sure you want to be quiet under that blanket now, it would be hard to explain to a flight attendant how you ended up with those on, wouldn't it? Now turn your head away from me and pretend you are asleep. Remember, no sound."

I could not believe her boldness as she reached under my blanket and into my shirt. Her skilled hands found my nipples, exciting them to attention and pinching to just the right level of pain. Already having a hard time remaining quiet I had no idea what was in store for me. As her hands began to move lower I could not help straining a bit under the blanket. A quick painful tug back at my nipple as she reminded me to follow orders to be still and silent. I nodded. Her hands again began their silent exploration. Moving down to undo my belt I felt my pulse rage. As her hand caressed my pubic hair it was all I could do to stay silent and not let out a moan. "Don't move," she admonished as she stood to take another blanket from the overhead bin to cover and conceal us better. Her hands disappeared back under the covers to begin caressing my skin again. "Relax, close your eyes, submit to me" she commanded. Her hands continued until a deft finger plunged into my already dripping cunt.

At that moment the flight attendant came by asking if we needed anything. "No thanks, we're quite content," she answered, never missing a stroke at her persistent explorations. "I could use more wet sluts like you," she whispered, "I don't even need to pack any lube." My eyes flew open in surprise as she swiftly and deftly entered my cunt with her whole fist. "I told you to keep those eyes shut" she reprimanded as her fist pulsed in my cunt. I shut them again as my body melted around her. As her other hand traveled to my slit I bit into the blanket to stay silent. Remaining still was also a challenge as every muscle in my body began to tense and scream in pleasure. "Silent and still, cunt," she whispered to me as I came in a powerful wave. She stayed inside of me a bit longer, both of us basking in the afterglow of orgasm. "You are a hungry, well behaved little slut. I'll bet you do this on planes all the time," she said. "Now it's up to you to find a way to wipe yourself and my fist," she said, withdrawing from my body. Taking a moment to recover from the intense emptiness I always feel after a fist is removed, I realized the flight attendant had returned. "Hot towel before your meal?" she asked.

IRONWOMAN'S
BY CAMPER ©86
SAFETY TIPS FOR GALS
YEAH, SURE IT'S GREAT HAVING THE STRENGTH TO DEMOLISH NUCLEAR SUBMARINES WITH THE BAT OF AN EYELASH...
BUT ANY LADY CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. ALL SHE NEEDS IS ONE SIMPLE MANEUVER.
WHEN SOME MEAN OL' RAPIST IS GIVING YOU A ROUGH TIME
HEY BITCH SUCK MY DICK
JUST PULL OUT YOUR HANDY SWITCH-BLADE
SNAP
YYOOOWWWW
AND WHACK OFF HIS WEENIE!
SLASH!

A TYPICAL SATURDAY IN THE LIFE & TIMES OF JACKIE & JULIAN

By Alice Waller

How wonderful it would be, if we were at home. Picture if you will, this little scenario.

Saturday evening; shopping completed, and maybe some household chores. The kids are spending the night with Jim and Karen. So we've decided to spend the evening at home, alone.

There are steaks on the outside grill. You're whipping up a salad. . . . I'm preparing macaroni and cheese. The croutons are already in the oven. . . . Pepsis are in the freezer. They'll be nice and cold for you. And of course, the "Mr. Coffee" maker is bubbling with a full pot of rich, dark coffee for me. It's my second pot for the day, your fourth Pepsi.

Your hair is in that damned "braid" again. But it works for my advantage today, because all I had to do, was gently move it to the side . . . bend over . . . "Shorty" and kiss the back of your neck. And at once, the sweet sensuous smell of you filled my nostrils, and rushed up into my head. And there was a light swimming sensation it caused. How I love the smell of you. That aroma which was now drawing and holding me, was like some giant, wonderful magnet. One so tender with its captive, that I eagerly surrender to its calling. And you lovely lady, received my needs with your own.

We didn't finish what we were doing for sometime. Plus the rolls were burned to a crisp. But the "meal" was delicious, nevertheless. "I love you lady . . . " I said later that night. "I know . . . " you replied. We both knew. Sooooo, back to the cooking we went. There's that damned "braid" again. (SMILES) We awakened the next morning . . . famished.

©1985 by Alice Waller

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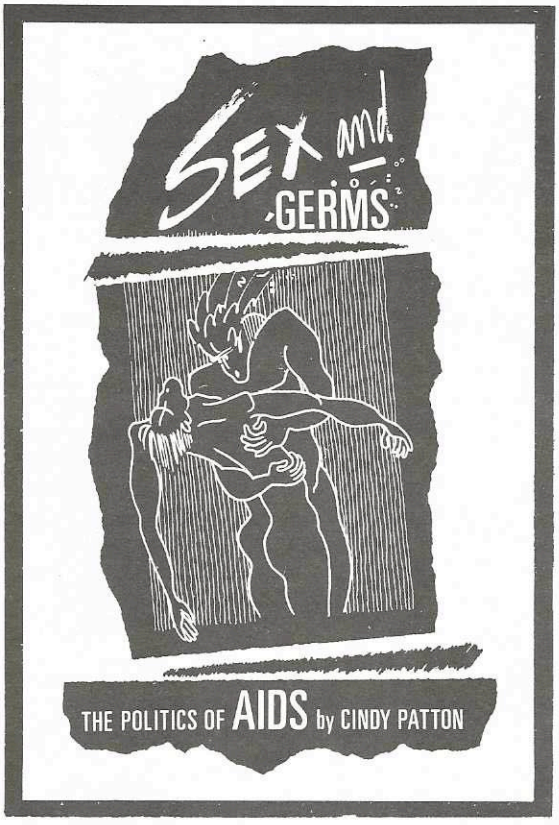

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by Cindy Patton

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***SEX & GERMS** discusses the culture of the gay and lesbian communities most directly threatened, and the character of their response.

SEX & GERMS is available at local bookstores or prepaid from South End Press, 116 St. Botolph Street, Boston MA 02115. Send $9.00 plus $1.50 postage & handling. Specify bookrate or UPS.

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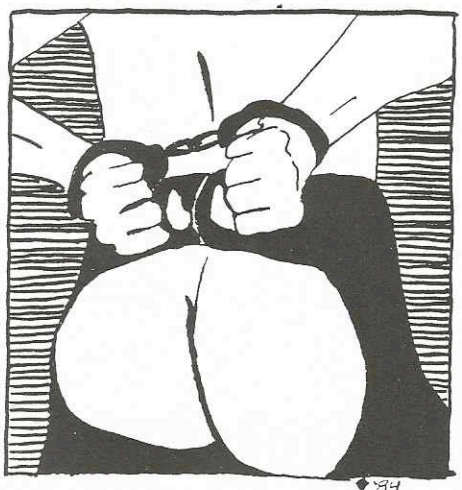

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bad attitude

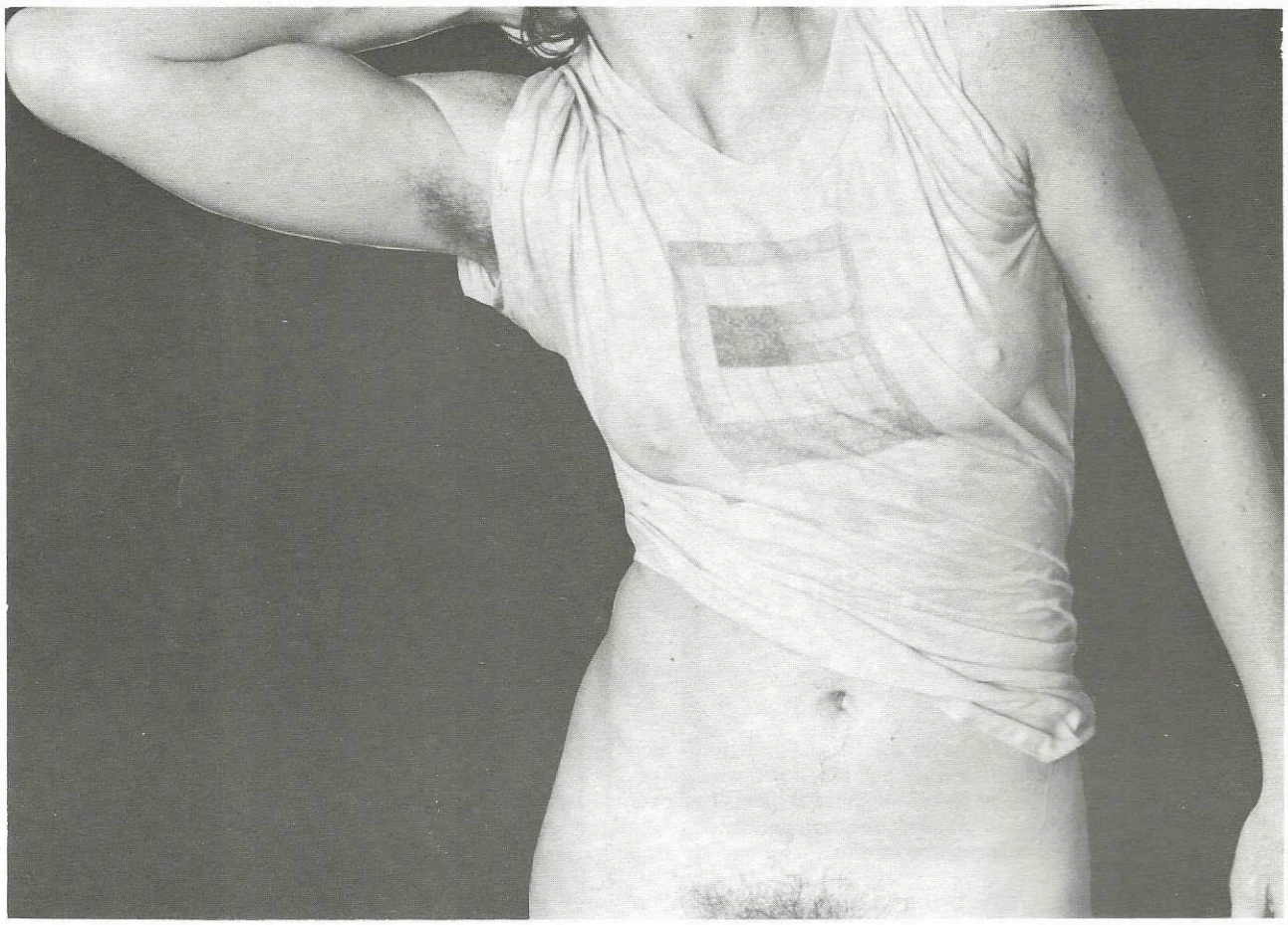

Photo by Lavendar Ties

as hot as ever.

With this sixth issue, we pass into our third year of publishing. We appreciate all of the support from our readers, contributors, donors, volunteers, and friends. It hasn't been easy, but its been worth the heat!